

A memorable Song, made vpon the vnhappy Hunting in Chevy Chase; between the Earle of England, and the Earle Douglas of Scotland. To the tune of flying Fame.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our liues and safeties all,
A wofull hunting once there did
in Chey chase befall,
To vnde the Deere with hound & hoyne
Carle Pearce took his way :
The child may see that is vnhoyme,
the hunting of that day.

The stout Earle of Northumberland,
a how to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,
the Summer daies to take :
The chiefest Parts in Cherry chafe
to kill and beare away :
These tydings to Earle Douglas came,
in Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Carle Percy present word,
 he would prevent his sport:
 The English Carle not fearing this,
 did to the woods resort,
 With fifteen hundred Bolomen bold,
 all chosen men of might,
 who knew full well in time of need
 to stave their shafts aright.

The gallant gray hounds swiftly ran
to chase the fallow deer,
On downy they began to hunt,
ere daylight did appear:
And long before high noon they had
a hundred fat Bucks slain
And having din'd the hunters went
to rouse the deer again.

The Botemen mustered on the hills,
well able to endure:
Their backerboes all with special care,
that way was guarded sure. (Wood,
The hounds ran swiftly through the
the nimble Dore to take:
That with their cries the hills and dales
an Echo still did make.

This Percy is the Durry man
 to view the great East gate.
 Truly he, like Douglas pointed once,
 this day in war time here :
 But if I knew he would not come,
 no longer it would I stay ;
 With that young gentleman
 thus to the Carlo did say .

Let ponder both Carlo Douglas come,
 his men in armour bright :
 Full twenty bannered Scottish spears
 all marching front fight :

Then cease your sports & Poesy sayd,
and take your bowes into hand.

And note with me my Country men,
your courage forth advance:
For never was there Champion yet,
of Scotland or of France,
That such an onerous burden came
but I am hap'ly free;
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to break a spear.

C. Deighton on his milke tabled Stead
(most like a Baron bold)
None for most of his company,
whose armour shone like gold.
Shew me this he whose men yet be,
that hunt so boldly here :
That will hunt my content doe chase,
and kill my fallow Deere.

The man that first did answer make,
was Poole Percy he,
Who said we list not to declare,
nor thus impose on us he:
Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
thy colour hath to say,
Then Douglas thou a felon art,
and thus in rage did say.

Cre thus I will outbrayed be,
one of besting shall dye:
I know thee well an Earle thou art,
Lord Percy so am I.
And trust me Percy pity it were,
and great offence to kill,
Any of these our galliente men,
for they have done none ill.

Let thou and I the battell try,
and let our men abide:
Accuse he be, Carle Percy said,
by whom it is betide.
Then went a gentle quicke foorth,
Withering to the name:
In which I would not have it told
to hear our King for shame.

That are in the world sought on foot,
 And I have heard of you
 Upon the banks of Witherington
 And I aquire alone.
 He does the best that doe I may,
 And I have power to trade: (Wozd
 Enabled I have strength to wield my
 He fight with heart and hand.

Our English anchors, well, their names,
 how parts were put, and how true

full fourscore
No spine the
Douglas
A Captain in
the Senate

I have seen
 the sun
 and the sea
 and the wind
 and the rain
 and the snow
 and the ice
 and the fire
 and the earth
 and the sky
 and the stars
 and the moon
 and the sun
 and the sea
 and the wind
 and the rain
 and the snow
 and the ice
 and the fire
 and the earth
 and the sky
 and the stars
 and the moon

I kill the two Lord Carles
 Captaines of great
 at Lyons mou'd they lay
 and made a cruell fight
 They fought hntill they lay
 with wounds of tempra
 Untill the blood like drops
 they trickling downe
 From the Lord Percy, Dye
 in faith I will thee bring
 where thou shalt live again
 with James our Scottish King
 The rancome I will fully pay
 and this report of thee
 When art the most couragious
 that ever I did see

Do Douglas quoth Earle
By piers I doe feare
I will not yeld to any
that ever yet was borne
With that there come an
out of an English borne
That stroke C Douglas
a depe and deadly blow

Will no never spare more to
fight out my merry ones
For why my life is at an
End Percy Lee my
When leaving life Carle
the dead man by the
Will that Carle Douglas
months I had lost my

④ Child my born
 with for
 Fox for
 in
 93